away frum yer forever.

Then don't set down an' fol' yo' han's an'

ON OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

dare's no sun nor moon needer, 'caise Gawd is hits eternal light; an' dare's no temple

dare to be a weariness o' de flesh, 'caise we lives dare in de fulness o' de love o' Jesus; hit's roun' us like walls an' roof an' floor,

an' our prayers and praises rises in hit, not to de yare, but to de heart o' Jesus, an' He

retches down an' wid His han'-dat han'

pierced wid de soldier's nail—He wipes away de tears o' sin an' sorrer wid which life has stained our faces, an' de tech dries up de fountain o' dem forever.

In my Father's house is many mansions.

Why didn't de great preacher tell us 'bout de healin' room where Jesus does all dis? Dare mus' be one, 'caise de healin' ain't done in dis worl'. De tears is never dried

up hyare; de pain never quits us hyare; de sin never tu'ns loose his holt hyare; de

woon's an' de bruises an' de putrifyin' sores is never healed hyare.

BALM IN GILEAD.

cured of heartache an' sin; cured of partin

driver went out over the wheel.

the butt end of his whip, knocked his snake

At Last.

All the winds of a thousand years
Point to this night of storm;
The storm will pass and end our fears,
And come again the morn;

But never, on this blessed earth,

Will come to thee or me Again one hour of Eden's birth Of love and destiny.

God's angel with his flaming sword

As ever in the glowing east
His sun will rise and shine,
And men will werk and men will feast
O'er cups of sparkling wine;

But thou wilt weep and I shall dream

angor Commercial.]

A thousand dreams in one; And far beyond the sun's last gleam Find rest, and love, and home, —W. H. Thorne in Philadelphia Times.

All Wool and Home Made.

There is on exhibition at the clothing

store of W. W. Fogg in Bangor a pair of

trousers that have quite a record. They are exhibited by a lady who raised, colored, spun and wove the wool, and also cut and made them. They are made well, and the work on them shows great skill.

Somerville Journal.

A good many people apparently have not discovered that it is easier to do their work well than if is to make excuses.

Guards every highest way From lips have broke their plighted word, From feet have gone astray.

He'll lan' us right

THE THREE DONKEYS

ERNEST H. HEINRICHS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]



of trouble. They were all tall, strong and healthy boys, who might have made themselves useful in many

ways, but they hated work and anything resembling exertion. They were all the time around the house living off their father's wealth or else they would be outside stealing the rays of the warming sun from some poor deserving man, who earned his bread by hard work. These three bad brothers were a constant trouble to their father, and the latter tried hard to get rid of them. He had often asked them to leave home and seek their fortune elsewhere, but they knew where their nest was feathered and their bread was buttered, so they stayed where they were.

These three had another brother, however whose name was Brave-and-True. He was the youngest of the four, but he was worth 100 times more than his brothers. He was his father's right hand man in the business; he was his mother's delight and pride, and everybody who knew him prophesied that some day he would bring honor to the and the fairy said: "Now I must go home, family, while his brothers would probably disgrace their name.

One day, while the whole family was at home, a king's messenger passed along, and as he came in front of the house he stopped and said:

"The King, our illustrious lord and august monarch, commands me to proclaim to all his faithful and obedient subjects that last night his only daughter, the beautiful Leonore, was stolen from the royal castle,



The Death of the Giant, Nobody knows where she is, and the King desires the young men of his realm to go forth and find her. Whosoever brings the Princess back will be made Prime Minister, and the King promises also to give his daughter to him who restores her." When the father of the four brothers

heard this he turned around toward his

three eldest boys, saying:
"Now, there is a chance for you to gain
glory, a tortune and to be the King's son-in-

The boys, however, found a great many bjections. Lazybones stretched himself and hinted that it would be an awfully tiring job hunting for a princess when nobody knew where she was; Insolence said that there would probably have to be fighting done before she could be rescued, and Good-for-Nothing objected on general principles. However, the father at last persuaded them go anyhow; and, giving them each a large sum of money and a sword, they

promised to set out.

In the meantime nobody had taken notice of young Brave-and-True. When he heard the King's proclamation he went into the house and sat down on a chair, burying his head in his hands. The truth was that Leonore, the princess, and he were lovers, and there never were two people so fond of each other as Brave-and-True and Leonore. After he had considered the awful calamity which had be allen his lady-love, he at once resolved to leave home and not return until he had recovered her, no matter where she

might be. Thus he went away also. When the three left their home they went to the nearest livery stable and bought a large carriage with four horses. They were too lazy to walk or ride. After they traveled several days they were stopped on the road one day by a crippled old lady who was sitting by the wayside.

"Will you please give me a lift?" she id. "I am awfully tired and unable to walk any further.' "Give you a lift, you old hag? Get out

of our way, or we will kill you under our

"The poor old lady sighed and crawled aside to let the carriage pass. But she was a mighty fairy, and she resolved to punish the three impolite boys. They had not advanced more than a hundred yards, when side. This pit was very deep, and they could not come out of it. Not long after, while the fairy was sitting

by the roadside, young Brave-and-True came by on horsback. His horse galloped as fast as possible. "Hold on, young man," cried the fairy,

"will you please give me a lift. I am so 'Certainly, my dear madam," the young rider immediately replied. He jumped off his horse and litted her into the saddle. Then he mounted behind her, and soon the

two hurried away. "Where are you going to?" after a while asked the old lady, and young Brave-and True told her that he intended to find the lost Princess and rescue her.

"Well, you give me the horse's reins I will take you there; but we must burry, be-

we will be too late,"

"Do you know where she is?" asked Brave-and-True.
"Yes, I do. She was stolen by the Giant of the Cliffs and he has her in his castle. But never mind, I will make your horse go fast enough, and we will be in time."

Then the lairy muttered a few words and beheld in the next second the horse had a pair of large wings. It flew up from the ground and coursed through the air as tast

"It is now a quarter of 1!" said the young "It is now a quarter of 11 said the young man; "do you think we shall be in time?"
"I think so; we only have to fly about 1,000 more miles." Then addressing the horse, she said: "Now fly ahead, my pet, fiv. fly to the cliff on high."

No sooner had the animal heard these

words than it gave one jump over a distance f 500 miles; then another, and to the astonishment of Brave-and-True he saw a big castle standing before them on the cliff. "Now, hurry!" said the fair; "here take this wonderful sword and march right in through the gate. Whatever dares to obstrongs the gase. Whatever dares to ob-struct your road, slay them; nothing can withstand that sword. When you get into the eastle run through all the rooms until you find the giant. You will discover him askep now, until 1 o'lock, Kill him as quickly as you can, because if you wait until after 1, the sword has lost its charm, and the giant will be too strong for you. Now hurre, and do not forget the Princess."

Brave-and-True hurried into the castle as feet as he could be when

Brave-and-frue nurried into the castie as fast as he could. A whole army of giant soldiers attacked him at the entrance, but with his wonderful sword he killed them all in one stroke. Then he got into the hall and here a big lion jumped at him, but he

AZIBONES, Insolence and Good-for-Nothing were three brothers, who gave their father agreat deal of trouble. They were all tall, strong and another door and there he saw the giant, but another door and there he saw the giant, but at the same time the clock struck 1. The giant awoke, but while he was still stretch-

ing himselt and rubbing his eyes, the young man jumped forward, and with one stroke of the wonderful sword he killed him.

Then he went to the Princess, who was sitting in a large chair beside the giant. The poor girl was frightened to death, and large tears rolled down her beautiful pinky velvet cheeks, but when she saw the young Brave-and-True all fear vanished and both left the castle. Outside stood the fairy with a beautiful carriage, and after all had jumped in, they turned toward the King's castle to take the Princess home.

While they were driving along the young man happened to speak of his three brothers and the tairy then told him that she had thrown them into a deep pit. When Brave-and-True heard that, he begged her to rescue them and forgive their rudeness. The fairy

so you better stay here until morning and get some rest in this hotel. I am sure the Princess is tired." They all agreed to that and the fairy

vanished. After awhile, however, when everybody was asleep the three bad brothers got together and now Good-for-Nothing said: "I tell you our journey has been in vain unless we bring the Princess home. Now let us steal Leonore and ride away to-night. Then when our young brother awakes in the morning he can see how he gets along. When we get to the castle we tell the King

we rescued his daughter, and you, Lazibones, being the oldest, shall mary her, if you will promise us a good fortune."

The other two agreed and they went and broke into the Princess' room. They carried her down stairs, put her in the carriage the fairy had left behind and off they drove. But after the horses had gone for about an hour they suddenly stopped before a magnificent mansion in the depth of the woods. Before the three brothers knew what was the matter, the carriage door was opened and to their utter astonishment there stood the fairy before them.

the fairy before them.

"I knew you meant to cheat your brother out of his well-deserved prize, and now I am going to punish you for the rest of your days!" Then she stretched out her hands and sprinkled a peculiar powder into the boys' faces. No sooner had this powder touched them than all three were changed into donkeys.

"Now you have your reward," continued the fairy, and she immediately put the donkeys into harness and attached them to the carriage. When this was done she jumped into the carriage beside Leonore and both returned to the inn where Braveand-True was still asleep. When he heard what his brothers had tried to do and that



Driving Home in Triumph. they had been changed into donkeys, he

"Well, I think they will be more useful as donkeys than as men."

Then they all went home and the carriage was drawn all the way by the three donkeys, Lazibones, Insolence and Good-for-Nothing. When they arrived at the castle Brave-and-True married Leonore and he became a very great man in the country. But the three bad brothers remained his donkeys to the end of their days.

MR. WHITE'S BAD PENMANSHIP

Causes Ridiculous Blunders in the Transla tion of His Messages. Youth's Companion.1

Mr. White is famous among his friends for his illegible handwriting. He is a very short-sighted man, and dependent upon a pair of pinch-nose eyeglasses. One day he was called West suddenly, on business, and forgot his glasses. He telegraphed to his wife from the first station, "Send me my wanced more than a hundred yards, when suddenly the horses took fright and ran away. The three were thrown from the carriage, and they fell into a pit by the way-side. This pit was very deep, and they me my dollars by Curtis to Palmer House, like de Book say, or rooms, me my dollars by Curtis to Palmer House, like dis preacher say, one thing is sho', me my dollars by Curtis to Palmer House,

Chicago."

Mrs. White was greatly puzzled when she received this message, and a visit to her husband's office brought her no explanation. His partner knew nobody named Curtis, and felt certain that Mr. White had his check book with him.
In the meantime, Mr. White had found in

his pocket a duplicate pair of glasses, pro-vided for just such an emergency, and had sent a second telegram, "Have found my other glasses. Never mind about first pair." The second operator had even more trouble with this message. When it reached Mrs. White it read, "I leave around my other gloves. Never mind about first pair." It took two letters to straighten out the mystery of these messages, and Mr. White's son Fred still preserves them as "prize

specimens of papa's handwriting." TREES REQUIRE SLEEP. That's the Reason They Don't Thrive When Near an Electric Light.

New York Sun.1 Observers in many of the small cities blessed with shade trees have noticed that those trees near electric lights have been blighted by something, and for the lack of some more apparent cause, the trouble is ascribed to the electric lights. The local arboriculturists say that the trees need dark-

ness as much as men need sleep.

There seems to be some reason in supposing that the nearness of the electric lights is the cause of the drooping of the trees, for similar trees, not exposed to any other for similar trees, not exposed to any other illumination than that of the sun, have not been affected in any way, and are bright and

Bees in the Lake.

Norway (Me.) Advertiser,1 Harry Lane says that some weeks ago he discovered a swarm of honey bees floating the surface of Lake Penneseewassee. He discovered a swarm of honey bees floating on the surface of Lake Pennescewassee. He said there seemed to be thousands of them drowning in the water. He dipped out a good many and dried them in the sun on a sheet of paper and they would fly away. It is presumed they were flying across the lake and got tired and fell in.

The Worst Race Troubles.

San Francisco Alta.;
After all the principal race troubles occur in paying the bets and walking home.

A CRACKER SERMON ter places where He can't go an' do works what He can't take no part in. Preached in God's Temple by the Glare of Pine Knots, in Words

THAT CAME FROM THE HEART.

Heaven Not Altogether as Portrayed in the

Scriptures. A STRONG ARGUMENT AGAINST DANCING

TWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATOR.1

A few days ago I was traveling on horseback through the region of country near the Arthlacooche river. Darkness overtook me suddenly and I was obliged to spend the night at a farmhouse. At the supper table someone said that a "pine knot preacher" was going to hold a meeting in the woods about a mile off, and asked if I would like to go. I said "yes" at once, as I was curious yo' Father's house yit, settin' up in one of to know why the man was called a "pine knot" preacher, and no one could tell me. I puzzled over it a good deal, but could come to no satisfactory conclusion. I found out as soon as I reached the place.

A wild and picturesque scene greeted u on our arrival. An opening had been made in the hamack, the brush piled and burnt, and the logs rolled into some semblance of dare to hol' us up an' carry us through, order, to serve as seats in front of a sort of class He's promised dat de rivers shall not platform of logs which did duty as a pulpit. and the logs rolled into some semblance of them and forgive their rudeness. The fairy at last consented, and when their carriage passed by the pit, Lazybones, Insolence and Good-for-Nothing were pulled out of their prison. They apologized to the fairy for what they had done, and they continued on their homeward road.

In the evening they arrived at a large inn and the fairy said: "Now I must go home. various points along the outskirts, while a large and attentive congregation occupied the log seats. But the most striking feature in the whole

picture was the pulpit and the preacher. The pulpit was made, as I have said, of logs thrown together so as to form a sort of rough platform. There was no rail, nor seat, nor desk, but on each side and a little back from the front, was a large iron brazier filled with flaring pine knots, which threw a red light over all and emphasized the outlines and details already made visible by the moon.

My curiosity was satisfied. The man was called a "pine knot" preacher because he only preached at night and lighted his glorious temple and humble pulpit with the materials which nature furnished on the spot. A PINE KNOT PREACHER.

A PINE KNOT PREACHER.

The preacher was a tall, gaunt man, with long black hair, glittering black eyes, rather narrow face and a high, narrow forehead, both deeply furrowed with lines of care of suffering. He was in his shirt sleeves, and his whole appearance, as he stood in the glare of his pine torches, harmonized pertectly with his surroundings.

The service had begun when we arrived, and after a hymn, which they were singing, the preacher delivered the following discourse. Of course, I give it from memory, as there was not light enough to take notes; but the outline is correct, and the dialect absolutely exact, as anyone who has ever

absolutely exact, as anyone who has ever talked with a Florida "Cracker," can see at a glance. But it is almost impossible to in-dicate in print the very peculiar emphasia which these people put on the penult or ultimate of words of three or more syllables.

This, then, was what the preacher said:
"Feller sinners: I done gone an' tole de reasin why I preaches in de woods a good few times, but as I see some hyare as ain't hearne hit, I'll tell hit agin. I don't hol' to no church, nor no doctrines of men. 1 jes' hols' to Jesus, an' what I fin's in de Book to be His teachin'. Dat's de rail reasin Book to be His teachin'. Dat's de rail reasin why I'se preachin' to yer hyare in Gawd's gre't temple, made widout han's an' not in de church-house up by de big pon! When I ast dem to len' me de church-house, dey saise as how I'se too ignernt to teach de people, an' dat I mus' learn mo' befo' I tries to present Brut Jain't en present linears. arter all, 'cause I kin read, wid spellin' o' de big words, an' write a little, too, when I has a good pen. Tubbe sho', I never did swinge my eyebrows off trying to learn by a lighterd torch er a taller dip, an' I'se too ole to begin now. So I listen to dem, an' fur a good spell I didn't preach. Den hit was wid me like ole man David say hit were wid him. I kep' silunce even frum good words; but hit wuz pain an' grief to me. My heart wuz hot widin me, de fire kindle, an' at las' I spoke wid my tongue. Dat's why comes hit I'se preachin' to you hyare in de woods, 'stid of in de church-house up by de.

HE HAD READ TALMAGE

"My tex' is: In my father's house is many mansions. De reasin why I chuse dat tex' outen all de udder texes in de Book about heavin, is 'caise I read a piece in a noose-paper dis las' Monday as ever waz, wroten by a great man up North on dis very subjec', and he done tol' so much about hit dat he mus' ha' been dare an' seed fur hissef. I wonder he ever cum back; but I s'pose he wuz anxish to tell us all about hit an' dat's why he cum. Anyways, he saise as how dey's rooms up dare-not mansions; an' I dunno how he kin know better'n de Book, less he done been dare an' seed fur hissef.
But he say de rooms is very large and fine.
An' den he 'scribes um; he 'scribes de 'ception room, an' de fambly room an' de throne room—places where all de people goes—an' tells us what dey saise to each udder an' how clad dev is to meet no widde. udder an' how glad dey is to meet up widde Lawd an' ole frens an' relations an' to know

like dis preacher say, one thing is sho', we all wants to go dare an' get one of um. An' de only way to do hit is to git religion—down in de heart, not on de en' o' de tongue. Yes, feller sinners, git Jesus Christ in yo' hearts an' carry Him about wid yer all day sn' everywhere. Don't shet Him up in de clausit wid yo' Sunday close fur six days in de week an' take Him out only on one; don't have His name on yo' tongues and de devil's thoughts in yo' hearts an' de devil's works in yo' han's. Don't carry Him wid yer to de church-house or carry Him wid yer to de church-house, or de meetin', or de family altar, or de secret clausit an' den tu'n roun' an' go slop inter places where yer know yer can't tote Kim—like de barroom, an' de theayter, an' de ballroom.

OPPOSED TO DANCING. "Yes, de ballroom! Sum'er yer setten right dare afore me waz at de ball las' week and danced! fur I hearn yo' names called. Could yer take Jesus Christ wid yer dare? Could yer think His thoughts an' do His works wid yo' yares full of de tootin' of mouth-organs an' de squeakin' o' fiddles, an' yo' min's on yo' eet, how to fling yo' heels and toes to match de music? Did yer ever hvare of Jesus going to a bell en' yer ever hyare of Jesus going to a ball an' yer ever hyare of Jesus going to a ball an' dancin'? He come down hyare to save yo' pore, los' souls; do yer think He could 'a done hit if His vares had been filled with poker and contillion music, an' His min' set on de fingin' o' His feet? I knows one of dose ole fellers in de Book say as how dey's a time to dance; but he lived in de days o' ignernce an' darkness, befo' de Day-spring from on high had visited us, er de star had led de wise men to Jesus, er de sun o' righteousness had risen wid healin' in his whings. Now hit's all diffunt. Now we knows Jesus, and we mus' fin' Him an' hol' on to Him an' carry Him wid us whereever we go, an' so we mus' keep outen places where we know He can't an' won't go wid us.

"In our Father's house is many mansions. no dancin' hall. He done tol' a great 'cal 'bout de fine music up dare: but he ain't said a word 'bout mouth organs, an' 'cordeons, an' fiddles, nor 'bout no jig music, nor poker music, nor contillion music. Flingin' yo' feet in time, toein' an' heelin' to a tune, will never help yer to our Father's house. Dancin' steps can't learn yer to walk on dem golden streets; dance tunes won't show yer how to play on de heavenly harps, an' sing de song o' Moses and de Lam'. Git true religion; git Jesus in yo' hearts an' yo' lives an' yer won't wanter go A UNIVERSAL DOCTRINE.

A UNIVERSAL DOCTRINE.

As I done tol' yer, I don't hol' to no church an' no doctrines o' men. But mos' people does; an' when yer gits religion, if yer ain't got hit already, you'll mos' likely fine some sec'. Hit all 'pears to me men's doctrines. I ain't see hit in de Book where Jesus saise anything 'bout hit. On judgment' lay, He done tol' us what He's gwine ter ast, not is yer Baptis', or Methodis', or Pistopal? but, did yer feed de hongry, an' clothe de necked, an' visit de sick an' de afflicted? So I saise, dese hyare churches an' secses 'pears to me to be doctrines of men: but if yer will fine one of um, fine right. Don't half do hit. Don't let um persuade yer that a few draps o' water will wash yo' sins away, z'well as a river full; dey might as well tell yer dat dippin' de een o' yo' finger in water will make yer jes' as clean as washin' de whole body. Neither don't let um dip yer in a puddle, but go down in de runnin' water, so hit will carry yo' sins clar away frum yer forever.

Then don't set down sn' fol' yo' han's an' Shirley Dare Gives Good Advice to Her Many Correspondents.

BEAUTIFYING VALUE OF BATHS What to Do for Paleness and Pimples and Loss of Hair.

SOME REMEDIES FOR CORPULENCE

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.] A mass of mail from every quarter of the country has accumulated upon my desk, and I will now endeavor to answer the more pressing queries asked on the subject of pre-

serving and restoring beauty.

C. W.—You say you are water cure people, to whom sitz baths, douches, etc., are everyday words; but with all these your skin is greasy. words; but with all these your skin is greasy, and a piece of butter eaten on your bread to-day will give the oily look to-morrow, and, of course, blackheads. Baths alone will not take the piace of diet, and both together sometimes have hard work to undo the neglect of former generations. The need of acids is clearly indicated to your results of the second to the hit's many mansions—yer has only started on de road, an' hit's long an' narrer, an' steep, an' rough, an' often an' often dares crosses along hit instid of mile-posses, an' yer has got to be crucified on every one. Dancin' steps an' jig music, churches an' secses an' men's doctrines can never tote yer along hit—but Jesus can. An' when at las' de road een's at dat river, so dark an' col', what we's all got to cross, He will be cated in your case. A large lemon to a goblet of water makes a drink of proper strength to be taken three or four times a day, alternating with new tart cider, grape juice and fruit juices as you can get them. In ordinary diet, people do not study variety enough. It is little good to force the same thing on the tired appetite of a system ready for fresh material to work with. The mineral acids, sulphuric, hydrocaloric or nitric, a few drops in a goblet of water, just to acidulate pleasantly, are also of value, and the sallne aperients, Rochelle, Epsom and Carisbad salts, provided coarse food is used to complete their effect. You are quite right, about the uselessness of "rubbing" and scrubbing" the face. Instead bathe it with weak alcehol, or soft soap and hot water. Draggists sell a fine soft soap and hot water. Draggists sell a fine soft soap for the purpose, or you may dissolve castile soap in alcehol, and use that. For "lazy liver" take taraxacum and exercise; also eat freely of tomatoes in any shape. The toilst preparations you ask about are harmless and desirable; but you want the moth and freckle lotion, not the cream. I find it very nice for keeping the face smooth and free from sunburn or irritation, as well as do not study variety enough. It is little good an' give us a mansion or a room—hit don't matter which—for I knows dat in hit will matter which—for I knows dat in hit will be all de weary soul can want. Jesus will be dare, an' de leaves datis fur de healin' o' de nations will be dare, an' de water o' life an' de tree o' life will be dare—an' den hit don't make no diffunce, arter all dese, whedder dey's golden crowns an' harps dare or not. If dey's dare, we'll not miss 'um.

"I dont believe dare's no sea o' glass dare, 'caise hit might hurt our eyes; an' no golden streets—'caise dev might hurt our feet: streets—'caise dey might hurt our feet; nor no throne o' glory—'caise Gawd is widout form or parts, so He couldn't sit on hit if hit wuz dare. But we knows dare's no night dare to skeer us wid hits blackness;

FRECKLES AND TAN. The second make I know nothing about. Masks have no purifying effect on the skin, but only protect it. The up a cut finger and the skin under the linen becomes soft simply by being kept from the air and dust, which irritate it; draw the blood to irritated points, where it sets up inflammation, and pimples result, or in

sets up inflammation, and pimples result, or in stuggish anæmic states the oily secretion separates in undue quantity. I hope to find a still more convenient toilet appliance than the mask, which, however, is excellent for erasing wrinkles and tan. Glycerine is worse than useless in cases of oly skin.

Mona A.—The hives certainly do not arise from pure blood. Take salts or seidlitz powders daily, using coarse food and bathe nightly, changing all the clothes worn by day. To relieve the irritation, as often as it conies on sponge with tepid water, with one teaspoonful common carbolic acid to the quart. Acid varies in strength, so if this smarts on the skin dilute still more, till it is agreeable. Sponge till the irritation passes away.

Iowa Coquette.—If you are pale and pimples come on your face you must improve your habits, bathe oftener and put coarse breadbeauty bread—and wheaten grits on your daily bill. Using these constantly, you need never have a pimple. To banish those which are already out, take compound licorice powder three nights and a seidlitz powder mornings. Bathe or rather scrub yourself with hot water and plenty of soap. Open the pimples with a needle, and touch them with camphor spirit a dozen times a day. It is a good plan to wet an old kerchief in camphor and keep it on the face when lying down to rest. The camphor should be weak, as domestic camphor usually is.

BALM IN GILEAD.

"Did yer ever have de heart-ache till hit seem" as dough hit mus' bust through yo' side? Did yer ever cry fur sin er sorrer 'till yo' eyes felt like dey done been beat wid hammers? Den wouldn't hit feel heaps better to be cured o' sech aches an' soreness, dan' to march up an' down, wearin' crowns an' totin' harps—even dough de streets an' harps wuz all pure gold? Well, den, dare in de healin' room of our Father's house o' many rooms—or, if hit ain't none, den som'ers else—Jesus meets up wid de soul an' cures all sech, fur dares ba'm in Gilead.

"So I'll close as I begun; it yer wants ter git one of de many mansions git religion; git Jesus in yo' hearts; think Jesus, breathe Jesus in yo' hearts; think Jesus, breathe Jesus, live Jesus, an' den' at last—not hyare, not now—yer'll git all dat yer wants an' needs. Yer may not have white or red or purple whings, like de angels has in picters; yer may not have golden harps an' crowns an' walk on golden streets, an' eat Jesus, live Jesus, an' den' at last—not hyare, not now—yer'll git all dat yer wants an' needs. Yer may not have white or red to purple whings, like de angels has in picters; yer may not have golden harps an' crowns an' walk on golden streets, an' eat milk an' honey—'taint good nohow—but yer'll be cured; cured of tiredness an' pain; onred of hartsache an' sin; cared of paytin'. M. R.—C

AN AID TO BEAUTY.

-Cocoanut oil, or still better, cocoa cured of heartache an' sin; cured of partin' an' meetin' to part again—fur all tears shall be wiped away frum yo' eyes. In de great temple of eternity, which is de Lawd Gawd A'mighty an' de Lam', yer shall go in an' out in de shinin' light, wid 'sa'ms an' hymns an' spiritocal songs, singin' an' makin' melody in yo' heart, fur dey will be light as fedders wid de risin' power o' Jesus. Gloree! Gloree! Hallelayah forwar! Amer! outter or almond oil rubbed on the face will ourish the skin and leave the cheeks fuller. But really to make the face plumper, the physical developers say, nothing assists more than to chew gum, or India rubber in which children delight. The exercise of the facial muscles in this way half an hour daily will give fullness to makin' melody in yo' heart, fur dey will be light as fedders wid de risin' power o' Jesus. Gloree! Gloree! Hallellayah forever! Amen! CHARLES BRANDON.

GREAT FUN WITH A SNAKE.

A Georgia Lawyer Amuses Himself While Terrifying Other People.

Albany (Ga.) News.!

One of our attorneys highly enjoys practical jokes, and never loses an opportunity to play a prank on some unsuspecting person. While he was making preparations to attend Baker Superior Court Monday, he did not fail to prepare for a little fun on the trip. He purchased a toy rubber snake about 14 inches in length. No one could distinguish the difference from a real reptile only by a close examination.

The lawyer put the snaky thing in his pecket and started for Newton. When he reached Camilla he got into a hack to ride up town. The driver was paying all attention to his high-stepping horses, while the reached Camilla he got into a hack to ride up town. The driver was paying all attention to his high-stepping horses, while the reached Camilla he got into a hack to ride up town. The driver was paying all attention to his high-stepping horses, while the reached Camilla he got into a hack to ride at the saw of the forever was startled by an exclamation of fear from behid, and upon looking around saw the lawyer shrinking back, pointing to the front seat. The driver gave one startled in the saw of the horses, while the driver was startled by an exclamation of fear from behid, and upon looking around saw the lawyer shrinking back, pointing to the front seat. The driver gave one startled in the saw of the horses, while the driver sact head in the sam of the fact of the sam of the cheeks and throats. Chew with the mouth shut, working the jaws pretty strongly. It is

RESTORING GRAY HAIR.

ously disappeared.

The lawyer enjoyed himself hugely in Newton with his "sell," but the grand act was reserved for Albany. Arriving at the depot in this city, he took a seat in Temp V. A. L.-The best remedy for premature Brinson's hack for uptown. Suddenly the gray bair is a change of habits and driver discovered a monster on the seat with restoration of general health. At the same time use the hair brush freely night and morn-ing, exposing the head to the sun daily an him. There was a terrible "ugh!" and the He turned our or more. Try this for a year. If the ship out of the seat upon the ground, and then proceeded to kill it, but after striking several severe blows, he saw how badly mistaken he was. hair does not improve, then use vegetable tinctures for coloring it. 2 Turkish baths tinctures for coloring it. 2 Turkish baths ought to do a great deal toward removing blackbeaus. 3. The best diet for thin persons is cracked wheat, juicy meats, starchy vegetables, like potatoes artichokes, rice and corn; sweets, if they do not turn acid after eating, and espacially rich salads, chocolace, tocoa and bread of unbolted flour. 4. The least injurious face powder is that of rice, very finely ground and sifted.

M. L. M.—I do not know anything of the physician you mention. As a rule the feeling is against doctors who advertise beyond their names and addresses. There is a training school for professional nurses connected with Believue Hospital. "Are taraxacum and mandrake to be in equal proportions?" Good heavens, no! The dose would be deadly. One tablespoonful extract of mandrake to a pint of

tablespoonful extract of mandrake to a pint of fluid extract of taraxacum is plenty. Mix in A WESTERN GIRL.—The metallic hair brushes

the bottle.

AW ESTERN GIRL.—The metallic hair brushes are very good, if the hair is thoroughly combed and free from snaris before brushing. A stiff, military brush of unbleached bristles or an English brush, with bristles nearly two inches deep, are very good. 2 The wild grape has many varieties, and the sweeter ones are as good as any common kind for making pure blood. The port wine grape is the best kind for grape juice. 3. A pale girl with light blue eyes and rather light brown hair should not wear dresses of pink, blue, red, green, violet, or the pretty colors, though ribbons and accessories may be of those hues. Shepherd's check with black moire facings, collar and sash, rose pink cravat, or pink gauze chemisette, and pink moire luch ribbons at walst, varied with the same accessories in black moire, with white crape embroidered in black, is one good toilet. Black peau de soie, or satiny black silk of any kind, with much fine sparkling jet and gobelin gauze, Russian vest, with embroidered edge in black, inot of black ribbon and blue signette in the hair or bonnet, to exchange with vest, etc., of clover pink or ivory white and dead gold. Such a girl might look very well in dull light gobelin, with pink bows or pink coral ornaments. For outdoor dress, Suede gray, with delicate black reliefs, or red browns on the terra cotta order, not cinnamon, with crimson silk facings and things would warm the complexion and bring out the fairness of the hair.

A CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

A CURE FOR CORPULENCE.

G. B.—A girl under 30 has no use for such corpulence, as Southern neopie say. Eat as little bread as possible, and that tongted or baked crisp and brown. Use unbolted flour and grits as the only cereals, and eat no potatoes. Drink new cider, grape juice, strang lemonade, or cream of tartar water made by pouring a pint of boiling water on a table-spoonful of cream of tartar. With these drinks to sly when you feel hungry, you will be able to keep up strength with little food, and as these have aperient action, they will reduce emboupoint. New older is better than vinegar to reduce flesh with safety. Take a glass of it every three hours. You will probably have to persevere in strict nabits for years, to counteract the disposition to fleshiness. Riding horseback, or tricycle riding would be a very greathelp in your hard task.

KATLE S.—Your first letter was never received. It is not at all ridiculous that you should wish to remove such freckles as you describe. Though difficult to banish the tark is not impossible. You begin right, though you need a teaspoonful three times daily of the taraxacum in place of a timid half teaspoonful once a day. You would have to rival Sahy Brown in making believe a good deal to imagine the skin softer after such delicate dosing. The error, however, is on the safe side. Use cream, sugar or gravy with cracked wheat as you like. Irritating applications are very likely to bring out hairs on the lace. Your best iotion is one to three grains of corrosive sublimate to the ounce of water, as the skin can bear it without pain. Use grape julce and iron and wine tonics to improve the nervous condition, with plenty of Iriction and sunshine, using some good face cream, and wearing a shady hat when you go out. The cream will hide the freekles and prevent their further imprint.

UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE. UNFERMENTED GRAPE JUICE

Mary Rex wants to know how to make the unfermented grape juice and make it keep. 1. The manufacturers in the country who have 50 acres and more in grapes for the purpose direct that the juice is to be pressed by a hand cider press, strained through linen crash or cheese cloth, bottled, filling till the cork is in the juice, and kept in a subcellar which is never much above freezing. The cold storage keeps the juice from one vintage to the next. The best plan, in a small way, is to keep the grapes in cool storage till settled cold weather, pressing only as wanted through the fail. Then in December press the most of the grapes, straining out all pulp, and bottle for keeping. Scalding is not necessary if the storage is fit and cold. A bin in the lechouse would be a good place. Or, bake the grapes in a stone jar, covered, till the juice runs freely, and squeeze in a linen towel. Bottle, with a teaspoonful of sweet oil on the top, drive the cork to touch the oil, and keep cold and dark. The grapes should be squeezed very dry, as the best part for health is the acid coloring layer in the skina, which contains phosphates. The juice of stewed grapes, half water or full strength, is very good for invalids. 2. Probably there is too much mandrake in your taraxacum. One tablespoonsul to the pint of the latter extract is enough. Of course you can lessen the dose. A seldlitz powder, three mornings in succession, or a dose of anti-billous pilis at night, are advisable when the taraxacum creates sickness. Mary Rex wants to know how to make the SHIRLEY DARK

ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ.

A Term That Was Invented in Pursuance of a Wager.

The way in which words come into dally use is sometimes very curious, and none | perhaps more so than the general adoption of the word "quiz," which originated in a joke. It was one Saturday evening, in the city of Dublin, Ireland, that a gay company was assembled together, consisting largely of some of the famous wits and men of fashion of the day. Among them was Richard Daly, then the manager of the Irish Theater, and, in a fit of bravado, he ter, and, in a live that, by a wagered a large sum that, by a certain hour the next day, he would have spoken all throughout the city a word having no meaning and being drawn from no known language. Laughingly the bet was accepted and the stakes deposited. Accordingly, Daly hastened to the theater and dispatched his servants and supernumeraries in all directions, with instructions to chalk the word "quiz" on every door and shop-window in town. Sunday morning dawned, and the stores being closed, the good people of Dublin, on their way to and from church, were astonished enough to see this odd sign confronting them on all sides.

were astonished enough to see this odd sign confronting them on all sides.

It caused much surprise, and "quiz" was in everybody's mouth, thus winning his wager for Richard Daly, while ever since, when one attempts to pass off an improbable story, he is apt to be met with the expression, "Oh, you are quizzing me!" "Quiz" has also found its way into the dictionary as a legitimate word, its meaning being given as "to puzzle; to hoax," "to look mockingly at," and "to ridicule or make sport of," It is also defined in three ways as a noun, one definition given being "a riddle or obscure question, an enigma;" a second, "One who quizzes others;" the third, "An odd fellow." Quizzer, quizzical and quizzing-glass are all outgrowths zical and quizzing-glass are all outgrowths of the word "quiz."

BLUE-LINED ENVELOPES.

A Stationer Explains Why They Are Colored Inside. "Why are these envelopes blue on the in-

side?" was the query put to a stationer the other day. "For a very simple reason," was the reply. "One of the great results to be attained in making envelopes is to prevent transparency. Many white papers are so transparent that by careful scrutiny the contents of such envelopes may be determined. For in-stance, let us put a sheet of paper with writing on it into this envelope. Let us also insert a bank check. We will now us also insert a bank check. We will now seal it and hold it to the light thus. There you can not only see the bank check, but you can also read many of the words on the sheet of paper. This can be prevented either by getting a very thick and high-priced envelope which is not transparent, nor searcely translucent, or by taking a cheaper grade of paper which is blue on one side. Now we sell quite a number of blue envelopes, that is envelopes which are blue on the outside; but most people do not like them for their color. So, to get over the difficulty and still not make a high-priced article, we use paper which is blue on one side and white on the other.

When the beautiful autumn time has come With its wealth of golden days-When river and hill and meadow-land Are veiled in a purple haze, Down the backward track of the fleeting yes

Unbidden my memory flies
To the autumn time in my childho And to mother's pumpkin pies. The yellow globes from the field were brought
Amid rapture of childish glee,
For well I knew the promise they held
Of delighted things to be.
And mute and motionless I gazed
On the scene with wondering eyes,
While my mother wrought the mystery
Of those famous pumpkin ples.

Meaty and juley and sweet were they,
And conjured with infinite care,
With a thin, brittle crust of delicate brown,
And a flavor beyond compare;
And though I should live to three-score and te
Yet oft will the memory rise
Of those happy times in my boyhood days,
And my mother's pumpkin pies.
—W. W. Runyon,

The Man and His Watch, Cincinnati Times-Star.]

Did you ever ask a man the time just after he had inspected his watch and put it in his pocket? If so, did you ever receive an answer before the man pulled his watch an answer before the man putted his watch out and took another look at it? Just why it is that this is done would be difficult to explain, but if you will ask your friend to tell you the time the next time you observe him scrutinize his watch and snap the lid, you will find that he will take another look at the dial before giving an answer.

Entirely Too Literal. "Papa, is everything that the Bible says true?" inquired inquisitive Bobby the other day. "Certainly, certainly, my dear tother day. "Certainly, certainly, my dear boy. What makes you ask such a ques-tion?" "Because the Bible says 'all flesh is grass, 'papa, and I was hungry and ate the steak for your dinner, and I pulled some grass, and thought —" SUNDAY THOUGHTS

MORALS AND MANNERS

BY A CLERGYMAN.

Our homes and streets and churches are once more peopled with their wonted occu-pants. The summer is ended. The absent

are back.

This morning the churches will be full.

The ministers, brown and hardy from their outing, will preach with full voice. The officers, strong and ruddy, will take their old stations on the walls of Zien. The congregations, vibrant and eager, will listen with alert attention. What an opportunity! What an inspiration! Let all make the most of it. Time is short, Life is uncer-

tain. It may be now or never.

Shall not the new season be quick and hot with effort? Behold the abounding need. Here are false geds more hideous than Baal, more awful than Moloch, worshiped with shricks, worshiped with curses with the hearthstone for the bloody altar, and the drunken huaband and father for the immolating priest, and women and children for the drunken husband and father for the im-molating priest, and women and children for the hapless victims. All around us are the perishing—vice crouching in slums; poverty clothed in rags; fingers bleeding from ill-paid toll; ignorance from which God is shut out; children homeless on the street; Arabs of the sidewalk, candidates for the jail and the gal-

sidewalk, candidates for the jail and the gal-lows. For what do churches and ministers and Christians exist? Is it not to "seek and save the lost" after the example of Him who went about doing good?

The summer rest will have been well carned and rightly enjoyed if it shall send the follow-ers of the Nazarene back to their work with the high resolve to dare and do for God and humanity.

A Growing Interest in Church Work. It is a happy fact that there is a wide-spread and growing interest in practical church work. At last it really begins to dawn on the sanctified intelligence of Christian people that it is both wickedness and folly to lock up large sums of money in costly edifices which are opened and used only once or twice a weekly and then but for an hour or two. It begins to be felt that churches exist not alone for worship; that they should form so many nuclei of active and aggressive efforts.

The idea formerly prevailed, and does still too generally, that it is the purpose of local religious organizations to convert and instruct believers, and then to leave them in their individual capacity to find or make ways and means of application to daily life. Meantime, the organization, as such sits idle six days out of seven. The mighty power of organization, the open secret of such amazing results in other departments, was and largely is thus substantially disused and wasted.

The truth is that every Christian is that and something more. What more? Why, he is part and parcel of an organized body. As a soldier is a man, but also a member of a partner soldier is a man, but also a member of a partner who should a soldier who should habit alily break rank and play guerrilla? or of a partner who should constantly ignore his colleagues and transact business on his own hoak? Where would be the victories, and where the commetcial success on that plan? Yet thus is what church members do. It is a happy fact that there is a wide-sp

A Portinent Query.

More Than \$20,800,000 Spent in Chicago in

Placards like this have been posted in Chicago street cars, and much comment has ready been excited thereby. They are the wo of a new society—the Temperance Educat Society. From its circulars we learn that purpose is "to educate public sentiment upo the temperance question by placing before th people short, pithy statements of the facts of this subject. The statements are to be conser-vative, and under rather than over the truth as much as possible in the shape of figures and bearing for the most part upon the finan-cial and economic phases of the liquor problem in its relation to the community and to the in-dividual—particularly the laboring man."

A Poser for Unbellevers.

Prof. Huxley, the agnostic, says, and says truly, that "there is no code of legislation, ancient or modern, at once so just and merciful, so tender to the weak and poor, as the Jewish law." It would be interesting to know how the professor accounts for this fact. The Hebrews had none of the science, the art or the culture of the Greeks, none of the organizing power of the Remans, and how came they to surpass all others in their legal code? Believers in the Divine origin of the Scriptures have no trouble in answering this question, but what are unbelievers to say? Here is a solid fact that stands alone in human history. It must have had a cause. What is that cause? The Contrasts of Russian Life.

The Centrasts of Russian Life.

In an interesting article in Harper's Magazine, for September, Theodore Child writes of some of the strange contrasts of Russian life: From the Tsar down to the humblest mujik, the Russians are more or less barbarians, from the point of view of the refined West, but certainly most amiable barbarians, so far as foreigners are concerned. Their hospitality knows no limits; no trouble is too great when it is a question of obliging a foreign vasitor; but charming as they are, you are constantly being reminded of the wildness of their underlying nature by the strange contrasts of delicacy and brutality, of civilization and barbariam, which their daily life offers. To hear the Russians talk about the unwritten cotemporary history of their social and national life is like listening to the stories of the Arabian Nights. The true narrative of Shobeloff's career and death, and the true narrative of the circumstances of the assassination of the late Tsar, are far more thrilling and extraordinary than print has ever told.

As an example of the strange real Russia we will cite an anecds related to us by a distinguished of intention was certainly not to the our eyes, or even to astonish us be ure. The conversation have a be related to us by a desinguished official, whose intention was certainly not to throw dust in our eyes, or even to astonish us beyond measure. The conversation happened to turn upon General Loris Melikoff, the famous chief of the dreaded "Third section." The Emperor, we were told by our informant, had given Loris Melikoff unbounded power to act against the Nihilists, and had virtually created him Vice Emperor, as Melikoff himself used to say, Ndw, Melikoff had discovered that one of the leading Nihilist chiefs was in the habit of frequently visiting Count Tolstoi, the novelist, and one day he went out to Tolstoi; country house. Before the visitor had announced himself Tolstoi recognised him and said:

"You are Loris Melikoff, Chief of the Third section. Do you come to see me officially or as a private man? If you come officially, here are my keys; search, open everything. You are free."

"I come not officially," repiled Melikoff.

"I come not officially," replied Meilkoff.
"Very good," answered Tolasoit and calling
two mujiks he said to them, "Throw this man
out of the house!"
The mujiks obeyed Tolasoi to the letter, and
Loris Meilkoff had to accept this treatment,
for in this way Tolatoi is a mightier man even
than "our father the Taar." In the eyes of the
Russian people he is an exceptional being, being more than a saint and almost a Savior.

present in Africa 550 Evangelical mission stations. The church members number \$60,000 and 70,000 children daily attend the mission schools. The annual increase of Christians through these missions is \$5,000. Within the last fire years about 200 negroes have been martyred for their faith. A dollar martyred

growth of population.

ONE of our cotemporaries, in a late issue, b putting a tail on a decimal point made Golfatt 10.552 feet high. Of course, 10.552 feet was meant. But the wrong point points a right world of blunders enormously to market in this world of blunders enormously to market. THAT was a shrewd thing old Dr

WHEN I go to preach to the rich I always ake my heat clothes. When I go to preach to he poor, I always take my best sermons.—John Wesley.

ABILITY involves responsibility; power to its last particle is duty.—Muclaren.

As love requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetrulness of evil sect-dents.—Bishop Hall. denta.—Bishop Holl.

MONTAIGNE'S vanity led him to talk perpetually of himself, and, as of an happens to vanien, he would rather talk of his own fallion than of any foreign subject.—Hollom.

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